Misery Accompanying Me
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Misery Accompanying Me

by Bordementions

Summary

> Journey sabotages your chances at an important g1 win, but it's okay because she'll provide a perfect solution for a problem she caused

Notes

> Another fic served straight from the drafts of the basic combat training notebook, if you couldn't tell I fucking love to write this character genuinely it's fucking wonderful
>
> The way she speaks and her overall mannerisms in my mind make this character so fucking enjoyable fuckk
>
> And she's hot and I want her to mentally and sexually abuse me ANYWAYS hope you enjoy
>
> I have a free day all of tomorrow for inprocessing at ait so I'll likely get another one in
>
> https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

The hallways of Tracen Academy were usually alive with the bright, competitive energy of the world's elite racers. But at this hour, the silence was everywhere, save for the hollow echo of your own footsteps. It was a heavy sound—the sound of someone who had spent the last fourteen hours watching a career-defining dream disintegrate into a muddy heap of missed marks and "unavoidable" delays.

You adjusted the strap of your bag, the leather digging into your shoulder. Your office had felt like a tomb.

Every chart on the wall, every calculated stride-length analysis for your trainee, now felt like a mockery. They hadn't shown up for the final pre-race briefing. Then, the technical disqualification. The excuses had been a blur of "I forgot" and "the alarm didn't go off," leaving you wondering if they even cared about the Twinkle Series at all.

Was it me? you wondered, staring at the linoleum floor. Did I fail to inspire them? Did I fail to give them a reason to push forward?

You reached the heavy doors of the main exit, your hand hovering over the handle, desperate for the cold night air to numb the sting of professional humiliation.

"It's a bit late for such a heavy heart to be wandering these halls, isn't it, Trainer-san?"

The voice was soft, perfectly composed. You jumped slightly, turning toward the shadows of one of the hallways. Standing there, illuminated by the pale moonlight filtering through the high windows, was Dream Journey.

She looked as though she had stepped out of a portrait—her light gray blouse crisp and unwrinkled despite the hour, the black silk ribbon at her throat tied in a perfect, symmetrical bow. Her oval glasses caught the light, obscuring her unique, fading irises for a brief second.

"Journey?" you croaked, your voice dry. "What are you doing here? Curfew was hours ago. You should be in the dorms."

She didn't even seem to consider your point. Instead, she stepped forward, tilted her head, her messy bangs shifting just enough to reveal a look of profound, gentle concern.

"I could ask you the same," she murmured, her voice like velvet. "But

the answer seems written quite clearly on your face. You look... extinguished. As if the fire you usually carry has been doused by a very sudden, very cold rain."

You looked away, unable to meet that piercing gaze. "It was just a bad day, Journey. A bad race. I'm going home."

"To an empty house? To sit in the dark and replay every mistake until the sun rises?" She stepped closer, her small frame somehow commanding the entire hallway. She reached out, not touching you, but gesturing toward the nearby committee room. "That sounds like a very unhealthy way to cope. Please, allow me to offer a brief detour if I may. I was just about to prepare some coffee—the beans are a fresh arrival from an expeditionary contact overseas. It would be a waste to drink it alone."

"Journey, I really can't. If a faculty member sees us—"

"The faculty is asleep, and the cameras in this wing are under the jurisdiction of my committee for 'security audits,'" she interrupted with a small, serene smile that didn't quite reveal her thoughts. "Besides, I consider it part of my mission to support those on difficult journeys. And right now, Trainer-san, you look like you've lost your map."

Her insistence wasn't aggressive; it was polite, calculated, and most importantly, comforting. You felt your resolve crumbling. The thought of your quiet, lonely apartment felt unbearable compared to the warm, organized sanctuary of the committee room.

"Just one cup," you sighed, shoulders dropping.

"A wise decision," she said, turning with a graceful swirl of her dark slacks. "Follow me. The air conditioning in the committee room is much more agreeable."

It was a short trip and not all too unfamiliar, the inside being almost exactly as you remembered. Meticulously organized, smelling of old paper and expensive roast. She was already moving much quicker than you had realized, setting a porcelain cup before you while the water began to simmer.

"I heard about the disqualification," she said softly, her back to you as she worked. "A tragedy. To have such a meticulously planned itinerary ruined by... what was it? A series of unfortunate logistical errors by the racer?"

"She just... she wasn't there, Journey. I put everything into her. Every weekend, every late-night session. And she couldn't even make the gate." You put your head in your hands. "I feel like I'm failing them."

Journey paused, the steam from the kettle rising around her like a shroud. A small, invisible smile played on her lips—one you couldn't see. She knew exactly why that trainee hadn't made the gate. She had ensured the "logistical errors" were insurmountable.

She turned around, bringing the steaming coffee to the table. She sat across from you, folding her hands neatly.

"Perhaps," she said, her pupils locking onto yours with an intensity that felt like a physical weight, "the problem isn't your training, Trainer-san. Perhaps you are simply investing your brilliance into a vessel that isn't capable of holding it. Some people do not appreciate the value of a dedicated guide."

She leaned in, the white tassel on her ear swaying. "I, however... I have always admired your persistence. It's so honest. So straightforward. It’s a rare quality. It has... immense value."

"I don't feel very valuable right now," you muttered, taking a sip of the coffee. It was perfect—exactly the temperature and strength you liked, though you couldn't remember ever telling her your preference.

"Then feel free to share," Journey whispered, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial, soothing tone. "Let the world outside fail. Tell me what happened."

You slumped deeper in the plush chair, the caffeine doing little to settle the hollow ache in your chest.

Across from you, Journey sat with her spine perfectly straight, yet her expression was soft, almost mournful—a mirror reflecting your own exhaustion.

"It’s just... all those months," you murmured, staring into the dark liquid. "The dietary plans, the interval training so early in the morning. I thought she was with me. I thought we were a team. But to just... not show up? To be that careless with her own career?"

"Careless is a very kind word for it, Trainer-san," Journey said, her voice a soothing lilt. She reached out, her small, gloved hand hovering near yours on the table before she withdrew it with practiced modesty. "But perhaps 'careless' implies an accident. What happened

today... it felt more like a fundamental lack of alignment. You were running toward a horizon she couldn't even see. Or perhaps," she paused, her glasses catching a glint of the desk lamp, "she simply didn't find the destination worthy of the effort you demanded."

The words stung. You winced, looking up at her. "You think I pushed her too hard? That I made the 'journey' too difficult?"

"Oh, heavens, no," Journey countered immediately, her tone shifting to one of fierce, quiet defense. "I think you provided a map to greatness, and she chose to stay in the parking lot. It's a tragedy, truly. To see such... exquisite dedication from a woman like yourself being poured into a sieve. It's almost a sin, don't you think? To waste a talent for guidance on someone who lacks the soul to follow?"

She shifted her chair, the legs scraping softly against the floor as she moved a few inches closer. The proximity brought the scent of her perfume—something crisp, like lilies—sharper into focus.

"I just feel like I'm failing the Academy," you sighed, leaning back and rubbing your temples. "If I can't even get a trainee to the gate on time, what kind of Trainer am I?"

"A Trainer who is too honest for her own good," Journey whispered. She didn't stay across the table anymore. She stood up, moving with a ghost-like silence to the chair beside yours. She sat, her thigh brushing against your slacks. It was a bold move for a student, but her face remained the picture of "model student" concern. "You blame yourself because you are a person of integrity. You assume everyone has the same heart you do. But they don't. They are messy, unpredictable, and often... ungrateful."

She reached out, her hand finally making contact. She didn't take your hand; instead, she rested a palm firmly on your thigh, just above the knee. The pressure was grounding, intentional.

"Journey, I... I shouldn't be leaning on you like this," you stammered, feeling a flush creep up your neck. The contact felt intimate, yet her expression was so clinical, so 'supportive,' that you felt guilty for even thinking it was strange.

"And why not?" she asked, her thumb tracing a small, slow circle on the fabric of your trousers. "Am I not the President of the Expeditionary Support Committee? My entire job is dedicated to ensuring the paths of others are smooth. And your path, Trainer-san... it has been so unnecessarily rocky lately. It hurts me to see you

stumble when you should be soaring."

She leaned in closer, her messy gray bangs nearly touching your shoulder. You could see the intricate gradient of her irises now—they were mesmerizing, like looking into a deep, still pool.

"Think about it," she continued, her voice dropping to a low, melodic hum. "If you had someone who valued the itinerary as much as you did. Someone who understood that the end of a journey is only reached through absolute, mutual devotion. Someone who... would never dream of missing a gate, because being there with you is the only reason they run."

"That sounds like a dream, Journey," you laughed bitterly, though your heart was beginning to race. "Most racers just want the glory. They don't want the partnership."

"Then you are looking at the wrong racers," she said softly. Her hand on your leg moved slightly higher, her fingers tightening just a fraction. She wasn't patting you anymore; she was doing… something? "You said earlier you felt like you were failing. But look at us now. Here you are, in the middle of the night, still thinking of how to improve, how to serve. You haven't failed. You've just been... liberated from a burden that was holding you back."

She tilted her head, her oval glasses sliding down the bridge of her nose just an inch. "Don't go home just yet, Trainer-san. I... I have so many ideas for how we could reorganize your future. Together."

"Journey, really," you began, your voice trembling slightly as you tried to shift your leg away. "This is... you're being very kind, but I should probably head out. The coffee was exactly what I needed, but I don't want to get you in trouble for being out so late."

"Trouble is a matter of perspective, Trainer-san," she whispered, her voice sliding into your ear like silk. She didn't let go. Instead, as you moved, she slid her chair even closer. "And right now, the only 'trouble' I see is a brilliant woman being crushed by the weight of a world that doesn't deserve her. Does it not feel good? To finally have someone catch you when you fall?"

"It... it's not that," you stammered, putting your hands on the armrests to push yourself up.

Before you could gain any leverage, Journey's other hand came up, catching your wrist with surprising strength for someone so small. She

didn't squeeze painfully, but the grip was there. She guided your hand down from the armrest, lacing her fingers through yours and pressing your palm flat against the table.

"Your heart is beating so fast," she noted, her eyes wide and luminous behind her glasses. She leaned in until your shoulders were pressed together, her hair brushing against your cheek. "Are you afraid? Or is it just that you haven't been touched with genuine care in a very long time? Your previous trainee... did she ever truly look at you? Look at you like this?"

"She was... she was just a student, Journey. It wasn't like this," you said, trying to pull your hand back, but Journey simply leaned her weight into you, her head resting on your shoulder now.

"Exactly. It wasn't like this," Journey murmured, her thumb beginning to caress the back of your hand in slow, rhythmic sweeps. "She didn't see the value in the journey. She was a tourist. But I... I am an explorer. And I've been exploring you for a very long time, Trainer-san. I've watched you in the halls, watched the way you meticulously plan every meal, every stride. It's poetic. And it's heartbreaking to see that poetry wasted on someone who can't even read."

"Journey, stop. You're... you're overstepping," you said, though the words felt weak even to your own ears. Your exhaustion was like a thick fog, making it hard to find the edge of your boundaries. "I'm a trainer. This isn't appropriate."

"I can assure you nothing of what you've done lately is appropriate either," she countered, her voice dropping to a low, seductive hum. She shifted again, and suddenly she was half-draped across your lap, her small frame fitting perfectly into the space you provided. She reached up with her free hand, her fingers delicately tracing the line of your jaw, tucking a loose strand of hair behind your ear. "Is it 'appropriate' for a Trainer to be left weeping in a dark hallway? Is it 'appropriate' for the Academy to let your talent rot because of one lazy girl's mistakes?"

She leaned her forehead against yours, her glasses clinking softly against your brow. "No. What's appropriate is that you are comforted. That you are held. That you realize you aren't alone on this path anymore."

"I can't... I can't think when you're this close," you breathed, your eyes fluttering shut. The warmth of her body was starting to seep through

your clothes.

"Then don't think," Journey whispered, her breath warm against your lips. She moved her hand from your jaw to the back of your neck, her fingers tangling in your hair, gently pulling your head down toward hers. "Thinking has only brought you pain today. Let me handle the thoughts. Let me handle the plans. I've already adjusted the itinerary, Trainer-san. The old path is closed. The new one... it starts right here. With us."

She began to caress your neck, her thumb sweeping over your pulse point, which was drumming a frantic beat. You reached up to push her shoulders back, to finally assert some distance, but as soon as your hands touched her, she leaned into the contact, let out a soft, contented sigh, and nuzzled into your palm.

"See?" she murmured against your skin. "You want to be close. Your body knows what your mind is too proud to admit. You're tired of being the only one holding everything together. Let me hold you for a change."

She pulled you into a tight embrace, her fluffy ears brushing against your chin. You felt encased in her—in her scent, her warmth, and the terrifyingly calm certainty of her voice. Every time you tried to speak, she would cut you off with a soft "shhh" or another gentle caress, dismantling your defenses piece by piece until you were just a hollow shell for her to fill with her own devoted, insidious kindness.

"There we go," she whispered, feeling you finally go limp in her arms. "Just stay here."

The exhaustion was a physical weight, a leaden blanket that Journey was all too happy to tuck around you.

"Journey... this is... we can't," you whispered, though your head was already lolling back against the headrest, your throat exposed to the cool air and the heat of her gaze.

"We can, and we are," she murmured, her voice a low.

She shifted, her knees bracketed on either side of your thighs as she rose up, her small stature no longer an impediment but a concentrated force of will. "I told you, Trainer-san. You've been carrying a heavy load for someone who didn't appreciate the weight. It's only natural that you'd want to set it down."

She reached out, her small, nimble fingers catching the edges of your glasses, sliding them off your face and setting them carefully on the desk. The world went soft at the edges, leaving only Journey's face in sharp, terrifyingly beautiful focus.

"See? The world is blurry now. You don't need to look at the track. You don't need to look at the clocks," she whispered. She leaned in, her bangs tickling your forehead, the charm on her ear clicking softly against your temple. "Look only at me. I am the only horizon you need to worry about from now on."

You felt a sob catch in your throat—not of sadness, but of sheer, overwhelming relief. The pressure of being "The Trainer," the one who had to have all the answers and all the strength, was snapping under her touch.

You let out a shaky breath, your hands finally stopping their useless fluttering and coming to rest on her narrow waist, pulling her flush against you.

Journey's eyes flared, a flash of triumphant purple-blue behind her lenses. "There she is," she cooed. "My honest, tired Trainer."

She didn't hesitate anymore. She leaned down, her lips pressing against yours in a kiss that was nothing like the "polite student" she pretended to be. It was firm, possessive, and tasted faintly of the expensive coffee she'd just served you. It wasn't a tentative ask; it was a signature on a contract you hadn't even read yet.

Your eyes drifted shut, your fingers digging into the fabric of her black corset belt. For the first time in months, you didn't feel like you were chasing someone who was running away. You felt caught. You felt claimed.

When she pulled back, just an inch, her breath was ragged but her smile was serene. She reached up, cupping your face with both hands, her thumbs wiping away a stray tear you hadn't realized had fallen.

"Don't cry, Trainer-san," she whispered, her voice a lullaby of absolute control. "I've already taken care of the paperwork. The resignation for your previous trainee... the transfer of your credentials to my personal file... it's all being handled. By tomorrow morning, you won't have to worry about a single 'unfortunate accident' ever again."

"You... you'll help me?" you breathed, your mind finally surrendering to the velvet trap she'd laid.

"I will do more than help you. I will be the journey for you," Journey promised, leaning down to press a lingering, soft kiss to your forehead, then your temple, then finally back to your lips. "Rest now. Stay here with me tonight. I've arranged everything as you need it to be. When you wake up, the world will be exactly as I've planned it. For us."

You let your head fall onto her shoulder, the soft fluff of her ears brushing your cheek as you finally let go. The failure of the day was gone, replaced by the terrifying, beautiful certainty of Dream Journey. You were no longer the one leading the way. You were simply hers, and as she held you in the quiet dark of the academy, you knew you'd never have to walk alone again.

"Everything is under control, Trainer-san," she whispered into your hair, her eyes gleaming in the dark. "Just leave it all to me."

End Notes

Journey please one chance please please I’m such a good victim please

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